

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

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### Review of New Books.

*Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk.* By the Author of the 'Annals of the Parish,' &c. In three vols. 12mo. Edinburgh.

SCARCELY a year has elapsed since our notice of the *Annals of the Parish*, before we have to announce to our readers another work from the same pen, of a character not less interesting and original, and in point of good writing greatly superior. The annalist is evidently a very improving writer, and if he goes on supplying the public with such delightful volumes as the *Ayrshire Legatees*, the *Annals of the Parish*, and *Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk*, nothing but some worse EARTHQUAKE than the literary world has yet known, can overthrow the stately fabric of renown which he is so arduously engaged in rearing.

The hero of the present tale, 'Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk,' was a native of the parish of Itrongholm, in Ayrshire, adjoining to that of which the meek and pious Micah Balwhidder was incumbent, and (as well as our knowledge of novel geography enables us to determine) not far distant from the well-watered vineyard of Garnock where the much celebrated Doctor Zachariah Pringle was helper and successor. Like most great geniuses, Andrew was born and bred in very humble circumstances. By the early death of both his parents he was consigned, in infancy, to the care of his maternal grandmother, Martha Docken, whose 'sole bread-winner was her spinning-wheel.' The orphan was, in his boyhood, what, in Scotland, they call 'a pawkie laddie,' who said a great many droll things, and from one of these, not worth repeating, got the knick-name of 'Wheelie,' which the author of his history has, with a questionable discretion, adopted (with a slight variation *euph-grat.*) for the patronymic of his hero. Andrew was not much distinguished at school, till he became engaged in a school frolic against a certain maiden lady yeilded

Miss Mizzy Cunningham, who had taken the liberty of pulling the neck of a favourite magpie of Andrew's, which had been bred up to the amusing occupation of purloining maiden ladies' thread-papers. A complaint was made to the schoolmaster of the vengeance inflicted, and Andrew, with his companions in mischief, is called up to receive judgment. The scene which ensues, we shall quote at length, as it not only gives the reader an immediate insight into the character of 'Sir Andrew,' but is a favorable specimen of that skill in the delineation of simple life which forms the peculiar merit of the *Annalist of the Parish*. It is Mr. Tannyhill, the master, who speaks:—

"I told you," said he, casting his eyes towards our hero, "that the ill deed pyet would bring you into baith scaith and scorn; and now ye see my prophecy has come to pass, for there ye stand, five a' in a row, like so many evil-doers as ye surely are, that I ought to make an example of, by letting you sin the weight o' my hand. But it's no my way to chastise with stripes on the body; no, unless the heart is made to feel, a bite o' the taws in the loof or on the back will soon heal. In truth, my bairns, I'm wae for you, for gin ye gang on at this rate what's to become of you when ye enter the world to mak your bread? Wha, Wheelie, will hae ony regard for you, if ye gie yourself up to mischief?—Others here hae friens that may guide them, but ye hae only your auld feckless grannie, that wi' mickle hard labour has ettled, with a blessed constancy, to breed you up in the fear o' God. O man, it will be a sore return for a' her love and kindness, if ye break her heart at last—I speak to you mair than to the rest, because in this matter ye are the most to blame, and stand in the greatest peril."

"Weel, weel," cried our hero, half sobbing, half angrily, "ye need nae fash me ony mair about it, but tell me at ance what ye're ga'n to do wi' me."

The master was so astonished at this interruption, that he stepped back, and sat down in his chair for some time silent. The culprits became all pale, and the rest of the boys stood aghast; so daring a defiance, as it seemed to them, of all authority, could not, it was supposed, but be followed by some tremendous display of power.

'Mr. Tannyhill, however, read Wylie's character in the expression, and by some happy or benevolent interpretation of his petulance, took the only way with him that could be attended with any benefit.—"I will fash you nae mair," said he, addressing him emphatically, "as ye seem to be contrite for your fault; but, in order to try whether ye have the right leaven o' repentance in you, I will task you to a task that will do you good for a' the remainder of your days."

He then ordered him to get the first fifty Psalms by heart, and interdicted him from all play and pastime till he had learnt them.

From that moment Andrew applied himself to learn the Psalms, with a perseverance that quite surprised the master, who had hitherto regarded him but as a droll and curious creature. The shortness of the time in which he performed the task was not, however, remarkable; for his memory was not well adapted to literature, but his singular abstraction from all his play-fellows, and the earnestness with which he adhered determinately to his task, astonished every one. During the intervals of the school hours, he was seen sitting by himself in the lee of a head-stone in the church-yard, muttering verse after verse from the Psalm-book which he held in his hand.

In this situation Mary Cunningham, the sister of Willy, happened to pass, and seeing him, said,—"What are ye doing there, Wheelie?"

He looked up, but, without answering her question, repeated in a loud monotonous voice,—

"My heart inditing is  
Good matter in a song."

"O, hae ye not got your Psalms yet?" exclaimed Mary, for she had heard from her brother of his particular additional punishment, and, going up close to him, inquired how many he had learnt.

"I can say ane-and-forty a' through, Miss Mary, without missing a word."

"What a lee, Wheelie, that is," said Mary, "naebody could ever say so many Psalms straight through."

"Will ye hearken me?" said Andrew; and she took the book, which he at the same time offered, and leaning over the head-stone behind him, bade him begin.

"That man hath perfect blessedness  
Who walketh not astray,"  
he immediately repeated in one unvaried stream of voice,

"But dwelleth in the scorner's chair,  
And stands in sinner's way."



"O, Wheelie, Wheelie, ye canna say the first verse o' the vera first Psalm; a pretty like story, that ye are gotten ane-and-forty by heart!" exclaimed Mary.

Reference was, in consequence, made to the book; and after some farther parley, Andrew resumed, and went on as far as the twelfth Psalm, without missing a single word, to the delighted surprise of his fair auditor. By this time, however, it was necessary that he should go to school, and Mary return home; but, before parting, she agreed to visit him again at the same place next day to hear the remainder, and she kept her word.

Again the book was in her hand, and leaning over the tombstone, with Andrew sitting below, she listened with unwearied pleasure to the undeviating and inflexible continuance of his monotonous strain, till he had reached the thirty-first psalm, when the same causes that occasioned the former interruption again obliged them to separate, after a renewal of the compact.

On the third day, Andrew completed not only the forty-one, but two more that he had learnt in the mean time. Mary confessed her admiration of his wonderful genius, and from thenceforth, till he had completed his task, she was his regular visitor.

Out of this circumstance a greater degree of intimacy arose between them than is usual among boys and girls of their age. She admired him as a prodigy of talent, and he was pleased when he met her, on account of the interest she had taken in his task. From the attack on her aunt, however, he had been prohibited from approaching "The Place," as the Craigland mansion-house was called by the villagers; and as she was educated by Miss Mizy herself, preparatory to being in due time sent to an Edinburgh boarding-school, they had few opportunities of meeting. But on Sunday he always took care to stand in the path by which the Laird's family crossed the church-yard, and a smile was as regularly exchanged between them in passing. As often also as the minister read out to be sung any one of the fifty psalms, Mary would peep over the front of the Laird's laft, to where Andrew sat beside his grandmother in the area below; and on these occasions she never missed his eye, which seemed to be instinctively turned up in expectation of meeting her's.

In this way, the germ of a mutual affection was implanted, before either was awakened by Nature to the sense of love and beauty, or informed by the world of the disparity of their condition. They were themselves unconscious of the tie with which simplicity had innocently linked them together—and being as yet both free from the impulses of passion, they felt not the impediments which birth and fortune had placed between them.

The time at length arrives when it is necessary that Andrew should fix on some profession or occupation; and

'the consultation' on this subject furnishes the materials of an admirably written chapter, in which the national propensities of the Scotch and the individual peculiarities of the consulting parties on the present occasion, are alike strikingly portrayed. We regret, however, that the sketch is somewhat spoiled by representing the boy in the fraudulent situation of a secret listener; it is a blemish which might easily have been avoided. The author says:—

'At the period of which we are now treating, neither the commerce nor manufactures of Scotland had risen to that height, which has since wrought such changes, not only in the appearance of the country, but affecting the very depths and principles of the national character.

The youth having few means of advancement, and but a narrow field of enterprise at home, sought their fortunes abroad; and good schooling, as it was called, constituted the common patrimony of the Scottish adventurer. As Andrew was rendered unfit, by his feeble frame, for the drudgery of a farmer, his grandmother, actuated in her humble sphere by the national spirit, resolved to spare no cost on his education. But whether to breed him for a divine, a doctor, or a lawyer, was a point not easily determined. It presented even more difficulties to her imagination than any apprehensions which she entertained of procuring the means. For with respect to the latter, her trust in the care of Providence was unbounded; and she had heard of many gospel ministers, come of no better stock, who bravely upheld the banner of the testimony, even unto the death. She had also heard of doctors who had returned nabobs from India, that began as shop-boys to druggists; and of lawyers on the freehold-roll of the county, that had commenced their career by running errands for town-officers.

But as she could not determine for herself, she resolved to consult the master. Accordingly, one afternoon, when the school had been dismissed, she went to his house, and found him at his tea, listening, with a faint smile that played among his features, like sunshine through the hedgerow, to some little comic occurrence in the village which Andrew was describing, while sitting at his side as a companion, but not at that time a participating guest.

"I'm come," said Martha, "to hae a crack wi' you about this get. Its time noo that he were thinking o'doing something for himsel. He's weel through his fifteen, and I would fain hae an inkling gin he be o' ony capacity."

Mr. Tannyhill, foreseeing that the conversation would turn on particulars which might be as well discussed in Andrew's absence, suggested that it would be proper for him to retire.

"Ay," said his grandmother, "tak the door on your back, and play yourself till me and the maister hae come to an understanding."

Our hero, on this hint, immediately withdrew; but although he took the door on his back by shutting it after him, he placed himself close to it in the kitchen, from which the room entered, and overheard all that passed within.

"Poor laddie," resumed Martha, when he had retired, "he's no strong; hard wark's no for him; and saft's ill to get. Noo, Mr. Tannyhill, what's your conceit?—I doubt he has nae got the cast o' grace needfull to a gospel minister. James Sinney, the droggest in Kilwinning, would tak him for a word o' my mouth, if ye thought he's o' a physical turn; and John Gled, the messenger, wha was sib to his mother, ance promised as muckle; but I canna say I hae ony broo o' the law, for it's a deadly distemper amang friens; and Andra, though baith pawkie and slee, is a warm-hearted creature, and would be o'er scrimp in the severities of justice, especially in pleas amang kith end kin."

The master replied, that, of all the learned professions, he really thought Wheelie was best disposed by nature for the law: "for although," said he, "the craw thinks its ain bird the whitest, ye're no, Martha, sae misled by your affection, as to imagine that Andrew's qualified to make a soun frae the pulpit; and, noo-a-days, even if he were, a' things o' religion hae settled into a method, that gies the patronless preacher but little chance o' a kirk. Wi' your oye's ordinar looks, I fear though he were to grow as learned as Mathew Henry himsel, he would hae but a cauld coal to blaw at."

"For the bairn's looks, Mr. Tannyhill, I think the're weel eneugh. There may be brawer, but a hantle are far waur," said Martha, a little tartly, "howsomever, if it's your nothion that he would na mak a sincere divine, I would rather see him gaun about the farms wi' Thomas Steek, the tailor, clouting at saxpence a-day, than walking the dike-sides between hope and starvation, wi' a thin white face, and fore finger atween the leaves o' some auld kittle Latin buke."

"Your description o' a luckless probationer," said the master with a sigh, "is ower true. Its a state without pleasure to the man himsel, and a sorrow to a' that see him. I would be wae to think that Andrew's blithe spirit was quenched wi' the tear of mortification; and therefore, Martha, if ye would follow my advice, a' I can say is, let him choose between Mr. Sinney and John Gled."

"I jealouse, sir," replied Martha, "that he has but a sma' stomach for the drog trade, and I fancy he'll tak to the law."

"In that," said Mr. Tannyhill, "I doubt not, wi' a portion of perseverance, he may grow a topping character. I hae seen at Edinburgh, when I was at the college, advocates proudly before the courts,

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that could reckon no higher parentage. He has only to join care to industry, and, by a decent use o' the means that Providence may place in his power, I have no doubt he'll reap both riches and honour."

While Martha was thus drawing out, in the pursuit of her object, the latent and slumbering mind of the master, our hero was listening with a throbbing heart. At the mention of the ministry, a dim vision floated before him, in which the fair form of Mary Cunningham was blended with the interior of a church, and the remembrance of fifty psalms. It was, however, but the passionless association of feelings and recollections that dissolved away, and was lost in disagreeable images of the green and yellow gallipots, sores and salves, odious stuffs and bottled reptiles, with which the name of James Sinney, the druggist, was associated. The chances, by prudence and industry, of attaining riches and honours through the legal profession, determined his choice; and he put an end to the consultation by opening the door, and looking in, at the same time saying, "I'm for John Gledd's, grannie." (To be continued.)

**The Martyr of Antioch; a Dramatic Poem.** By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 168. London, 1822.

MR. MILMAN'S *Fazio, Samor*, and the *Fall of Jerusalem*, have justly given him a high character among the poets of the day; our opinion of his talents is already on record, but were it not so, his work is published too late in the week for us either to do him justice or satisfy ourselves in criticising it. We shall, therefore, very briefly state the subject of his tragic drama, and make a few extracts, reserving our remarks until next week.

Mr. Milman's poem is founded partly on the Legend of St. Margaret, the daughter of a heathen priest. She was beloved by Olybius, the Prefect of the East, who wished to marry her. The author's object has been to represent the mind of a young and tender female suffering for christianity, not the trials of the fire and stake alone, but the internal and mental agonies to which the same circumstances inevitably exposed the converts. These were often 'the surrender of life when it appeared most highly gifted with the blessings of Providence; the literal abandonment of this world, when all its pleasures and its glories were in their power; the violent severing of those ties which the gentle spirit of christianity had the more endeared; that last and most awful conflict when

"brother delivered brother unto death, and the father the child;" when a man's foes were those of his own household.' Such is the subject, which Mr. Milman has worked up into a poem of great beauty, vigour, and effect.

The drama opens with a chorus of youths and maidens, which is terminated by Callias, the priest of Apollo and father of Margarita; then follows a most enchanting description of the heroine:—

*Second Priest.* Callias! our God,  
That yesterday on our Elean games  
Shone with a splendour, even as though a veil,  
Which to that day had dimm'd his full divinity,

Had been rent off; our God hath center'd now  
As 'twere the gather'd light of many noons  
Within his orb to honour this our festival.

*Macer.* Nor wonder! for did ever elder  
Greece,

When all her cities and her kings were met  
On the Olympic plain, or where the priestess  
Sate, speaking fate, upon her Delphic tripod,  
With richer rite or statelier ceremony,  
With nobler or more spotless hecatombs,  
Propitiate the immortal Gods?

*Olybius.* Great Rome  
Herself not costlier.

*Macer.* What, then, is wanting?

*2nd. Pr.* What, but the crown and palm-  
like grace of all,

The sacred virgin, on whose footsteps Beauty  
Waits like a handmaid; whose most peerless  
form,

Light as embodied air, and pure as ivory  
Thrice polish'd by the skilful statuary,  
Moves in the priestess' long and flowing robes,  
While our scarce-erring worship doth adore  
The servant rather than the God.

*3rd Pr.* The maid  
Whose living lyre so eloquently speaks  
From the deserted grove, the silent birds  
Hang hovering o'er her, and we human hear-  
ers

Stand breathless as the marbles on the walls,  
That even themselves seem touch'd to listening  
life,

All animate with the inspiring ecstasy.

*1st Roman.* Thou mean'st the daughter of  
the holy Callias;

I once beheld her, when the thronging people  
Prest round, yet parted still to give her way,  
Even as the blue enamour'd waves, when first  
The sea-born Goddess in her rosy shell  
Sail'd the calm ocean.

*2nd Pr.* Margarite, come,  
Come in thy zoneless grace, thy flowing locks  
Crown'd with the laurel of the God; the lyre  
Accordant to thy slow and musical steps,  
As grateful 't would return the harmony,  
That from thy touch it wins.

Margarita is sought in the holy  
place, but she is not found. Callias  
reproaches the Prefect Olybius with  
having carried her off. In the mean  
time, a messenger arrives from Rome  
accusing Olybius that he—

—'hath let sleep  
The thunders of the law,'  
and not punished that—

'Chosen sanctuary of those Galileans,  
Who, with their godless and incestuous rites,  
Offend the thousand deities of Rome.'

Olybius vindicates himself and says:

'It is most true that I have sought to stay  
This frenzy, not with angry fire and sword,  
But with a lofty and contemptuous mercy,  
That scorn'd too much to punish. For my heart  
Was sick of seeing beardless youth and age  
Wearing the pall'd and glutted executioner;  
Exhausting all the subtlest arts of torture  
With cheerful patience: even soft maidens  
moving,  
With flower-crown'd locks, and pale but smil-  
ing cheeks,

To the consuming fire as to their bridal.  
I saw in this wild scorn of death a grandeur  
Worthy a nobler cause; 'twas Roman virtue,  
Though not for Roman glory. But, Vopiscus,  
I am not one that wears a subject's duty  
Loose and cast off when'er the changeful will  
Would clothe itself in sole authority.  
The edict of the Emperor is to me  
As the unrepealed word of fate. To death  
It doth devote these Christians, and to death  
My voice shall doom them. Not Vopiscus self,  
Whom I invite to share my stern tribunal,  
But shall confess th' obedience of Olybius.'

In the second scene there is a most  
charming soliloquy by Margarita, in  
the grove of Daphne; but the whole  
scene is so admirable that we quote it  
entire:—

*Margarita.* My way is through the dim li-  
centious Daphne,  
And evening darkens round my stealthful steps;  
Yet I must pause to rest my weary limbs.

Oh, thou polluted, yet most lovely grove!  
Hath the Almighty breathed o'er all thy bowers  
An everlasting spring, and paved thy walks  
With amaranthine flowers—are but the winds,  
Whose breath is gentle, suffer'd to entangle  
Their light wings, not unwilling prisoners,  
In thy thick branches, there to make sweet  
murmurs

With the bees' hum, and melodies of birds,  
And all the voices of the hundred fountains,  
That drop translucent from the mountain's side,  
And lull themselves along their level course  
To slumber with their own soft-sliding sounds;  
And all for foul idolatry, or worse,  
To make itself an home and sanctuary?

Oh, second Eden, like the first, defiled  
With sin! even like the human habitants,  
Thy winds and flowers and waters have forgot  
The gracious hand that made them, ministers  
Voluptuous to man's transgressions—all,  
Save thou, sweet nightingale! that, like myself,  
Pourest alone thy melancholy song  
To silence and to God—not undisturb'd—  
The velvet turf gives up a quickening sound  
Of coming steps:—Oh, thou that lov'st the holy,  
Protect me from the sinful—from myself!  
'Twas what I fear'd—Olybius!

Olybius urges his suit in vain, and  
then threatens Margarita.

*Olyb.* Fond maiden, know'st thou not  
That I am cloth'd with power? my word, my  
sign,  
May drag to death whoe'er presumes to love  
Th' admired of great Olybius.

*Mar. (apart.)* My full heart!  
And hath it not a guilty pleasure still  
In being so fondly, though so sternly chided?

*Olyb.* Hear me, I say, but weep not Marga-  
rita,  
Though thy bright tears might diadem the brow  
Of Juno, when she walks th' Olympian clouds.  
My pearl! my pride! thou know'st my soul is  
thine—



Thine only! On the Parthians' fiery sands  
I look'd upon the blazing noontide sun,  
And thought how lovely thou before his shrine  
Wast standing with thy laurel-crowned locks.  
And when my high triumphal chariot toil'd  
Through Antioch's crowded streets, when every  
hand  
Rain'd garlands, every voice dwelt on my name,  
My discontented spirit panted still  
For thy long silent lyre.

*Mar.* Oh! let me onward,  
Nor hold me thus, nor speak thus fondly to me.

*Olyb.* Thou strivest still to leave me;—go,  
then, go,

My soul disdains to force what it would win  
With the soft violence of favour'd love.  
But ah, to-day—to-day—what meant thine ab-  
sence

From the proud worship of thy God? what mean  
Thy wild and mournful looks, thy bursting eyes  
So full of tears, that weep not?—Margarita,  
Thou wilt not speak—farewell, then, and for-  
give

That I have dared mistrust thee:—No, even now,  
Even thus I'll not believe but thou art pure,  
As the first dew that Dian's early foot  
Treads in her deepest holiest shade.—Farewell!

*Mar.* I should have told him all, yet dared  
not tell him—

I could not deeper wound his generous heart  
Than it endures already. My Redcemer,  
If weakly thus before the face of man  
I have trembled to confess thee, yet, oh Lord,  
Before thine angels do not thou deny me.  
And yet, he is not guilty yet, oh Saviour,  
Of Christian blood! Preserve him in thy mercy,  
Preserve him from that sin.—Ah, lingering still,  
While lives of thousands hang upon my speed,  
Away!

The next scene brings us to the bu-  
rying place of the christians, where  
Margarita meets the Bishop of Anti-  
och and other christians, who converse  
on the approaching persecution with  
which they are threatened. Callias  
anxiously seeks to dissuade his daugh-  
ter from the faith she has embraced,  
which gives rise to a scene, in which  
the effect of superstition, severing all  
the ties of kindred, and the firmness of  
weak woman in the christian faith,  
which makes her triumph over every  
difficulty, are admirably described:—

*Callias.* Dost not behold him,  
Thy God! thy father's God! the God of Anti-  
och!

And feel'st thou not the cold and silent awe,  
That emanates from his immortal presence  
O'er all the breathless temple? Dar'st thou see  
The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns  
On his arch'd brow? Lo, how the indignation  
Swells in each strong dilated limb! his stature  
Grows loftier; and the roof, the quaking pave-  
ment,

The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels  
The offended God!—I dare not look again,  
Dar'st thou?

*Margarita.* I see a silent shape of stone,  
In which the majesty of human passion  
Is to the life express'd. A noble image,  
But wrought by mortal hands, upon a model  
As mortal as themselves.

*Call.* Ha! look again, then,  
There in the east. Mark how the purple clouds  
Throng to pavilion him: the officious winds  
Pant forth to purify his azure path

From night's dun vapours and fast-scattering  
mists.

The glad earth wakes in adoration; all  
The voices of all animate things lift up  
Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world  
Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,  
Disdainful of the universal homage,  
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for his own  
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude  
Of peerless glory unapproachable.  
What means thy proud undazzled look, to adore  
Or mock, ungracious?

*Mar.* On yon burning orb  
I gaze, and say,—Thou mightiest work of him  
That launch'd thee forth, a golden-crowned  
bridegroom,

To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp  
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,  
Creation's eldest born, was tabernacled.  
To thee was given to quicken slumbering na-  
ture,

And lead the seasons' slow vicissitude  
Over the fertile breast of Mother earth;  
Till men began to stoop their groveling prayers  
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee.  
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem,  
Hung in the forehead of the all-seen heavens,  
Of him, that with the light of righteousness  
Dawn'd on our latter days; the visitant day-  
spring

Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour!  
Giant refresh'd! that evermore renew'st  
Thy flaming strength; nor ever shalt thou cease,  
With time coeval, even till time itself  
Hath perish'd in eternity. Then thou  
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity  
Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky  
Withering before the all-enlightening Lamb,  
Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires.

*Call.* And yet she stands unblasted! In thy  
mercy

Thou dost remember all my faithful vows,  
Hyperion! and suspend the fiery shaft  
That quivers on thy string. Ah, not on her,  
This innocent, wreak thy fury! I will search,  
And thou wilt lend me light, although they  
shroud

In deepest Oreus. I will pluck them forth,  
And set them up a mark for all thy wrath;  
Those that beguiled to this unholy madness  
My pure and blameless child. Shine forth,  
shine forth,

Apollo, and we'll have our full revenge!

*Mar.* 'Tis over now—and oh, I bless thee,  
Lord,

For making me thus desolate below;  
For severing one by one the ties that bind me  
To this cold world, for whither can earth's out-  
casts

Fly but to heaven? Yet is no way but this,  
None but to steep my fathers' lingering days  
In bitterness? Thou knowst, gracious Lord  
Of mercy, how he loves me, how he loved me  
From the first moment that my eyes were  
open'd

Upon the light of day and him. At least,  
If thou must smite him, smite him in thy  
mercy.

He loves me as the life-blood of his heart,  
His love surpasses every love but thine.

#### HYMN.

For thou didst die for me, oh Son of God!  
By thee the throbbing flesh of man was  
worn;

Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,  
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.

Thou, that wert wont to stand  
Alone, on God's right hand,

Before the Ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,  
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;  
The limbs thou healedst brought thee no relief,  
The eyes thou openedst calmly view'd thy  
fate:

Thou, that wert wont to dwell  
In peace, tongue cannot tell.  
Nor heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial  
state.

They dragg'd thee to the Roman's solemn hall,  
Where the proud judge in purple splendour  
sat;

Thou stoodst a meek and patient criminal,  
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;  
Whose throne shall be the world  
In final ruin hurl'd,

With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.  
Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,

When "crucify him!" yell'd the general  
shout;

No hand to guard thee 'mid those insults rude,  
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout;

Whose lightest whisper'd word  
The Seraphim had heard,  
And adamantine arms from all the heavens  
broke out.

They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,  
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;  
The blood, from all thy flesh with scourges torn,  
Deepen'd thy robe of mockery's crimson  
grain;

Whose native vesture bright  
Was the unapproach'd light,  
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless  
palm,

With the cold spear thy shuddering side they  
pierced;

The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm  
They gave, to enhance thy unslaked burning  
thirst:

Thou, at whose words of peace  
Did pain and anguish cease,  
And the long buried dead their bonds of slum-  
ber burst.

Low bow'd thy head convulsed, and, droop'd  
in death,

Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;  
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting  
breath,

And every limb was wrung with agony.  
That head, whose veill'd blaze  
Fill'd angels with amaze,

When at that voice sprang forth the rolling  
suns on high.

And thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,  
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-  
clothes bound;

The sealed stone confirm'd thy mortal doom,  
Lone watchmen walk'd thy desert burial-  
ground,

Whom heaven could not contain,  
Nor th' immeasurable plain

Of vast Infinity inclose or circle round.  
For us, for us, thou didst endure the pain,

And thy meek spirit bow'd itself to shame,  
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,  
T' avert the father's wrathful vengeance  
flame:

Thou, that couldst nothing win  
By saving worlds from sin,  
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious  
name.

We regret that want of room, and  
the late period at which this volume  
was published, prevent us from giving



any further extracts this week; but we shall conclude it in our next.

### Lives of Eminent Scotsmen. Part V.

WE have suffered the fifth number of this elegant and valuable collection of Scottish biography to lay longer on our table unnoticed than its merits demanded. We have, in our review of the earlier parts of this work, stated freely our opinion of its claims to an important niche in the literature of the day. It is not a mere dry chronology of facts and dates, of the place where and the time when the poetical *dramatis personæ* made their exits and their entrances; but brief, yet correct in his details, and impartial and fair in his remarks, the editor shakes off all the trammels which have fettered previous biographers, and ventures to think and speak for himself. Whether we consider it for the neglected and almost unknown Scottish poetry which is brought forth, or for the critical examination of the poetical merit of the authors, we feel no hesitation in declaring the *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen* as one of the most original biographical collections extant.

The present part contains sixteen memoirs, including those of John Ogilby, the Earl of Glencairn, David Mallet, Falconer, Blair, Dr. Moor, Hector Macneill, &c. From some of these memoirs we shall detail a few extracts; the first relates to a novelty in the republic of letters—a literary lottery, by John Ogilby, a poet and bookseller, who lost the whole of his property by the great fire in London. Previous to this calamitous event,—

“With the sanction of the court, he issued a proposal for “the better and more speedy vendition of several volumes (his own works) by the way of a standing lottery.” This lottery commenced drawing on the 10th of May, 1675, and, according to the account given by Ogilby in a subsequent proposal, “to the general satisfaction of the adventurers, with no less hopes of a clear dispatch and fair advantage to the author.” It continued drawing several days, when its proceedings were stopped by the plague, and “it long discontinued under the arrest of that common calamity, till the next year’s more violent and sudden visitation; the dreadful and surprising conflagration swallowed the remainder of the stock, being two parts of three, to the value of 3000*l*.”

“Ogilby, at the time of this calamity, occupied a house in Whitefriars, which, with all it contained, shared in the general conflagration. In one moment he saw himself deprived of the whole fruits of a

laborious life, with the exception of the value of about 5*l*., which was all he had left to begin the world again with, at the advanced age of sixty-six. Besides his whole stock of published works, there perished in the flames three unpublished poems of his own; two of them of the heroic kind, entitled the “Ephesian Matron” and the “Roman Slave,” which were intended to have been dedicated to the Earl of Ossory; and one, an epic, in twelve books, in honor of Charles I.”

“His first scheme for repairing his loss of fortune was to revive the lottery speculation, which the plague and fire had interrupted. He resolved, as he says in the second proposal which he issued on this occasion, not only to reprint all his own former editions, but others that were new and of equal value, and to “set up a second standing lottery, where such the discrimination of fortune shall be, that few or none shall return with a dissatisfying chance.” Accordingly, the author opened his office, “where persons might put in their first encouragements, (*viz.*) twenty shillings, and twenty more at the reception of their fortune, and also see those several magnificent volumes, which their varied fortune (none being bad) should present them.”

“Poor Ogilby, however, did not find the encouragement he expected, for he observed “how that a money dearth, a silver famine, slackens and cools the courage of adventurers; through which hazy humours magnifying, shillings look like crowns, and each forty shillings a ten-pound heap.” He then determined to change the plan of his lottery, and “to attemper, or mingle, each prize with four allaying blanks; so bringing down by this means the market from double pounds to single crowns.”

“The following were the propositions:—“First, whoever will be pleased to put in five shillings shall draw a lot, his fortune to receive the greatest or meanest prize, or throw away his intended spending money on a blank. Secondly, whoever will adventure deeper, putting in twenty-five shillings, shall receive, if such his bad fortune be that he draws all blanks, a prize presented to him by the author, of more value than his money, (if offered to be sold,) though for offered ware, &c. Thirdly, who thinks fit to put in for eight lots, forty shillings, shall receive nine, and the advantage of their free choice, if all blanks, of either of the works complete, *vid.* Homer’s *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, or *Æsop* the first and second volume,” &c.

“The principal prize was valued at 5*l*., and contained an Imperial Bible, Virgil, Homer’s *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *Æsop*’s *Fables*, His Majesty’s Entertainment, &c.

“The whole number of lots was 3300, and the total money he received only 4210*l*., although valued at 13700*l*. The office was at “the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan’s Church, Fleet Street.”

“The success of this lottery scheme, though not, perhaps, extremely flattering, was such, at least, as saved Ogilby from loss, and enabled him to push into circulation works which, had they depended on their intrinsic merit, would, in all likelihood, have fallen dead-born from the press. It was reported at the time, that, in the first lottery, the adventurers could never get their books; but Ogilby often declared that, of seven hundred prizes drawn, there were not six which remained undelivered at the time of the fire, and were destroyed with the rest.”

In the life of David Mallet there is some curious information relating to his well-known ballad:—

“As Mallet, he became first favourably known to the English public by the affecting ballad of William and Margaret. It was printed in No. 36 of the Plain Dealer, July 14, 1724. “Of this poem,” says Dr. Johnson, “he has been envied the reputation; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but never proved.” There is no doubt, however, that a certain degree of plagiarism is justly chargeable against Mallet. The idea of the ballad was taken from two older ballads, intitled “William’s Ghaist,” and “Fair Margaret and Sweet William;” from which he has also borrowed largely both in sentiment and expression. In “William’s Ghaist” the spectral visitant thus reclaims his plighted faith:—

“O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!  
I pray thee speak to me,  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret!  
As I gave it to thee.”

“And so in Mallet’s poem, Margaret exclaims:—

“Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledged and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.”

“In “Fair Margret and Sweet William,” the midnight scene is introduced in a stanza which Mallet has almost literally adopted for the commencement of his ballad:—

“When day was gone and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
There came the spirit of fair Margret,  
And stood at William’s feet.”

“Mallet has here even preserved the defective rhyme of the original. In some of the later reprints of the ballad, this defect has been amended, by changing the second line into—

“When night and morning meet;”

but it is the amendment of some friendly hand, and not Mallet’s own.

“The conclusion of “William’s Ghaist” had also evidently been the model on which Mallet formed the winding-up of his tale:—

“O stay, my only true love, stay,  
The constant Margret cry’d;  
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos’d her e’en,  
Stretch’d her soft limbs, and died.”

“Still, however, notwithstanding all these traces of imitation, there is enough of Mallet’s own in the ballad of William



and Margaret, to justify all the poetical reputation which it procured for its author. I do not know of many ballads in better taste, or combining, in so short a space, a greater share of just sentiment and appropriate imagery.

The life of the unfortunate poet, Falconer, is admirably written, but we have only room for an extract from one of Robert Blair's letters to Dr. Doddridge, in 1741-2, which contains some interesting information relative to the composition of the poem which has given so much celebrity to his name:—

"You will be justly surprised with a letter from one, whose name is not so much as known to you, nor shall I offer to make any apology. Though I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no stranger to your merit as an author; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel Gardiner and Lady Frances. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have sometimes done to mine, in a very high degree. And, that I may show how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit you a manuscript poem of mine, entitled 'The Grave,' written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I shewed it, to make it public, nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the doctor, signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But, at the same time, he mentioned to me, that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarcely think (considering how critical an age we live in, with respect to such kind of writings), that a person, living three hundred miles from London, could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so, though, at the same time, I must say, that in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged, sometimes, to go cross to my own inclinations, well knowing, that whatever poem is written on a serious argument, must, on that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of

these things. I beg pardon for breaking on moments so precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

'This work, which the two wise booksellers "did not care to run the risk of publishing," proved to be one of the most popular productions of the eighteenth century.'

This Part is embellished with a beautifully engraved group of five portraits:—the Earl of Glencairn, Dr. Moor, Macneill, Lord Gardenstone, and Caleb Whitefoord.

*The Rural Walks of Cowper; displayed in a Series of Views near Olney, Bucks: representing the Scenery exemplified in his Poems: with descriptive Sketches, and a Memoir of the Poet's Life.* 12mo. pp. 57. London, 1822.

THE 'fundamental feature' of this little volume (to borrow a favourite expression of a noble marquis in the House of Commons) is its embellishments, which consist of fifteen beautifully engraved views of scenes consecrated by the presence or immortalized by the muse of the poet, Cowper. Thirteen views, taken in the same neighbourhood, were published soon after the death of Cowper; and, although two sets of plates were executed, the work has been long out of print. This has induced that eminent artist, Mr. Storer, to engrave a new series of plates from drawings which exhibit the subjects in various points of view, and to give two additional plates. These, with descriptive letter press and a brief, but interesting, memoir of Cowper, form a very pleasing and elegant little volume, which ought, perhaps, rather to have come under a notice of the Fine Arts than in a literary review. There is a richness and luxuriance in the scenery portrayed in these engravings which renders them particularly fascinating, to say nothing of the association connected with them, and the recollection that, amid these scenes, the most religious and one of the greatest of English poets penned 'immortal verse,' in which their beauty was so admirably described:—

'The Task, which contains the greater part of his descriptive poetry, was written during his residence here; and his peregrinations in the fields towards the village of Weston, distant about two miles, appear to have afforded his principal points of observation. It is therefore proposed to follow him in this direction, and attend to every object, as nearly as possible, according to the order regarded in the poem.

It will be observed with the highest

satisfaction, by those who visit this classic ground, that the scenery on which he has conferred so much celebrity, continues, with a few exceptions, unaltered since the time at which he wrote. Some of these exceptions will be noticed, previously to entering upon a description of the places which yet remain unimpaired.

"The Poplar Field," described in the first volume of Cowper's Poems, is on the left side of the road from Olney to Turvey, nearly two miles from the former place, and near the margin of the river Ouse. Only two of its trees are standing; the rest were cut down about the year 1780, at which time the poet was recovering from his mental derangement, a circumstance intimated by the following verses:

"The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,  
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;  
The winds play no longer, nor sing in the leaves,  
Nor Ouse, on his bosom, their image receives.

Twelve years have elaps'd, since I last took a view

Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;

And now, on the grass, behold they are laid,  
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade."

'The Mill noticed in the "Winter Morning Walk," Task, book v. was taken down many years since; its exact situation, however, may easily be traced. It stood within half a mile of Olney, on a branch of the Ouse, which runs at the foot of Clifton Hill, and presented in itself a very picturesque appearance; its claims on admiration being greatly aided by the shrubbery that still adorns the banks of the stream. Cowper represents the current silently stealing under the ice, till

—"Scornful of a check, it leaps  
The mill dam, dashes on the restless wheel,  
And wantons on the pebbly shore below."

If our limits would permit, we could say much on this little volume; we might dwell on the 'Yardley Oak,' of which the poet says:—

'Time made thee what thou wast, king of woods;  
And Time hath made thee what thou art, a case  
For owls to roost in;

or the 'Peasant's Nest'—

'Hidden as it is, and far remote

From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear  
In village or in town.'

But we, 'not destined such delights to share,' must leave Cowper for a 'Task' less pleasing than his own; but not until we have made another extract from this work. It relates to the Market Place at Olney;—

'Here, at the further corner is a large brick house, in which Cowper resided, situated, as he says, "deep in the abyss of Silver End." This, however, may be considered a poetical liberty, as the house is some paces distant from the entrance to this "abyss." Silver End is an obscure part of the town, inhabited generally by persons of the lower sort. While Cowper resided in this house, he amused himself with a small printing press, with



which Lady Austin furnished him: her ladyship then resided at Clifton, and he sent her the following lines of his own composition and printing. It will be perceived that they relate to a flood, which prevented his personal communication with her:—

"To watch the storms, and see the sky  
Give all our almanacks the lie;  
To shake with cold, and see the plains  
In autumn drowned with wintry rains;  
'Tis thus I spend my moments here,  
And wish myself a Dutch Mynheer;  
I then should have no need of wit,  
For lumpish Hollander unfit!  
Nor should I then repine at mud,  
Or meadows deluged by a flood;  
But in a bog live well content,  
And find it just my element;  
Should be a clod and not a man,  
Nor wish in vain for sister Ann,  
With charitable aid to drag  
My mind out of its proper quag;  
Should have the genius of a boor,  
And no ambition to have more."

"He remarks thus upon the unskilful manner of his work:—"Excuse the coarseness of my paper; I wasted such a quantity before I could accomplish any thing legible, that I could not afford finer. I intend to employ an ingenious mechanic of the town to make me a longer case; for you may observe, that my lines turn up their tails like Dutch mastiffs, so difficult do I find it to make the two halves exactly coincide with each other." Behind the poet's house is a good garden, which engaged much of his attention. In the third book of the *Task*, he says,—

"Had I the choice of sublunary good,  
What could I wish that I possess not here?  
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,  
No loose or wanton, though a wandering, muse,  
And constant occupation without care."

"In the garden is a small summer-house, noticed by Cowper in some of his letters published by Hayley. In one addressed to Joseph Hill, Esq. he observes, 'I write in a nook that I call my boudoir: it is a summer-house not bigger than a sedan chair; the door of it opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles, and the window into my neighbour's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary as a smoaking-room; at present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses; here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or to the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion.' The poet's garden is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Asprey, an eminent surgeon, who has permitted no alteration to be made in this interesting little apartment. Cowper addressed many letters to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, from his house at Olney; in one of them he promises thus:—"I will show you my prospects, the Hovel, the Alcove, the Ouse and its banks, every thing that I have described."

We have only to add, that in addition to the fifteen exquisite landscapes

with which this volume is enriched, and which do great credit to the talents of Messrs. Storer, there is a fac simile of Cowper's writing; and that the descriptive letter press is entitled to much literary praise.

*Memoirs of the Court of King James the First.* By Lucy Aikin.

(Concluded from p. 82.)

THERE was no circumstance in the whole reign of James the First so disgraceful to his memory as his treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom, in defiance of every principle of honour, law, or justice, he basely sent to the block. This foul deed alone will render James's

'A name to all succeeding ages curst,' and stamp his memory with eternal infamy. The whole of the king's conduct to Raleigh was base and tyrannical. At the time of his conviction, his property of Sherborne Castle, his principal estate, had been preserved to his heirs by a conveyance of it to his eldest son, which had been executed before his attainder, and indeed in the former reign. After his attainder, the king granted him his life interest in it; but, two or three years after, some of the courtiers discovered a flaw in this conveyance, and Chief Justice Popham, the same judge who presided at Raleigh's trial and sanctioned all its iniquity, gave judgment that the instrument was bad in law, though the error was nothing more than the accidental omission of a word by the transcriber. Carr,—the infamous Carr,—then in the plenitude of favour and insolence, petitioned the king for this estate, the only remaining support of a wretched prisoner and his unhappy children; and Raleigh, as a last resource, was induced to address to the unfeeling minion the following letter of eloquent expostulation:—

"Sir,—After some great losses and many years' sorrows, (of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in the end,) it is come to my knowledge that yourself, whom I know not but by an honourable fame, hath been persuaded to give me and mine our last fatal blow, by obtaining from his majesty the inheritance of my children and nephews, lost in the law for want of a word. This done, there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life, despoiled of all else but the title and sorrow thereof. His majesty, whom I never offended, (for I hold it unnatural and unmanlike to hate goodness,) stayed me at the grave's brink; not, as I hope, that he thought me worthy of many deaths, and to behold all mine cast out of the world with myself, but as a king who,

judging the poor in truth, hath received a promise from God that his throne shall be established for ever.

"And for yourself, sir, seeing your fair day is but now in the dawn, and mine drawn to the evening, your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many favours and much honour, I beseech you not to begin your first building upon the ruins of the innocent; and that their sorrows, with mine, may not attend your first plantation. I have been ever bound to your nation, as well for many other graces, as for the true report of my trial to the king's majesty: against whom had I been found malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greater number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions. Neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects, especially of your nation, to bewail his overthrow who had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust, sir, that you will not be the first that shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless. Which, if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame. But that so worthy a gentleman as yourself will rather bind us to you, (being, sir, gentlemen not base in birth and alliance that have interest therein,) and myself, with my uttermost thankfulness will ever remain ready to obey your commands.

"WALTER RALEIGH."

"It will readily be conceived, that to him who could need such a remonstrance it would be addressed in vain: Carr persevered in his suit, and obtained it at the hands of a prince regardless alike of justice and of mercy when compliance with his favourites was in question. Lady Raleigh, who kneeled with her children at the king's feet, to deprecate the meditated injury, received no other answer from this vicegerent of the Deity, as he was pleased to style himself, than the following words, '*I mun ha' the land, I mun ha' it for Carr;*' and the spoliation was completed; the king granting to Lady Raleigh and her son a miserable sum of 8000*l.* under the name of compensation. Prince Henry, the warmest admirer and best friend of Raleigh in his adversity, seems to have witnessed with violent indignation this new act of iniquity, perpetrated by a man whom he hated; and, some time after, he begged, or rather demanded, that Sherborne should be bestowed on himself. The king, who disliked, and perhaps dreaded, to oppose him in wishes thus expressed, at length consented; and bought back his grant to Carr for 25,000*l.* It is not doubted that it was the purpose of Henry to restore his acquisition to the rightful owner; but his lamented death almost immediately afterwards, precluded the performance of this



act of justice, and Sherborne was again bestowed by the monarch on his rapacious favourite.'

No wonder that, after the death of Raleigh, the conscience of the king should feel some upbraidings, or that, when the accomplished son of a murdered parent, Carew Raleigh, appeared at court, the king should dislike him, saying, that 'he looked like his father's ghost.'

In the year 1618, the appearance of a comet excited great alarm in Europe, and if it did not make mighty monarchs, whose fears were so great, do many good deeds, it at least restrained them from some bad ones, for they considered it as a sign sent to them, and, therefore, they set a double guard on all their actions. Even Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the learned antiquary, having been in danger of an untimely end, by entangling himself among some bell ropes, makes a memorandum in his private diary, never more to exercise himself in bell-ringing when there is a comet in the sky. James, who, whatever might be his vices or his follies, was not deficient in acuteness, aware that it was in large and varied assemblages that the knowledge of civil rights, the sense of public grievances, and the zeal for political liberty are produced and nurtured, anxiously endeavoured to restrain the propensity of the nobility and gentry to flock to London. In one of his star chamber speeches, he spoke vehemently against the rapidly increasing size of London:—

"One of the greatest causes," says his majesty, "of all gentlemen's desire that have no calling or errand to dwell in London, is apparently the pride of the women: for if they be wives, then their husbands, and if they be maids, then their fathers, must bring them up to London; because the new fashion is to be had no where but in London: and here, if they be unmarried, they mar their marriages, and if they be married, they lose their reputations and rob their husbands' purses. It is the fashion of Italy . . . that all the gentry dwell in the principal towns, and so the whole country is empty: even so now in England, all the country is gotten into London, so as with time England will be only London, and the whole country be left waste: for, as we now do imitate the French in fashion of clothes, and laquies to follow every man, so have we got up the Italian fashion, in living miserably in our houses and dwelling all in the city: but let us, in God's name, leave these idle foreign toys, and keep the old fashion of England. . . . 'Therefore,' he concludes, 'as every fish lives in his own place, some in the fresh, some in the salt,

some in the mud, so let every one live in his own place, some at court, some in the city, some in the country; specially at festival times, as Christmas, Easter, and the rest.' "

The cowardly conduct of James, in relation to foreign affairs, and particularly in not taking up the cause of religion and of his daughter, the Queen of Bohemia, is dwelt on with much feeling and good sense, by Miss Aikin. The subject is well known, and therefore we shall only quote a short extract respecting it, beginning with the following glowing verses by Sir Henry Wotton, 'On his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia:—

"You meaner beauties of the night  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light,  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the sun shall rise?  
"You curious chanters of the wood  
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your voices understood  
By your weak accents, what's your praise  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?  
"You violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,  
Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own,  
What are you when the rose is blown?  
"So when my mistress shall be seen,  
In form and beauty of her mind,  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,  
Tell me if she were not design'd  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind."

While the charms of this royal lady were capable of inspiring her servants with verse like this, it is no wonder that swords were ready to "leap from their scabbards" to espouse her quarrel. The whole chivalry of the English court was on fire to support the claims of her husband and to avenge her sufferings. Her father alone remained unmoved: he peremptorily refused to depart from the neutrality of which he had made such earnest profession; and though no law at that time prohibited English subjects from offering their military services to any foreign power, at their pleasure, it was long before he could be drawn to sanction by a reluctant consent the levies referred to in the conference between the archduke and Wotton.

The amount of these succours was restricted by the king to the insignificant number of two thousand two hundred infantry; but they were all picked men, and officered by the flower of the nobility and gentry; men who were impelled to take arms not alone by impatience of the inglorious repose of King James's court, nor even by the chivalrous feelings which a distressed queen and beauty was fitted to inspire, but by the higher motive of testifying in a foreign quarrel their attachment to the noble cause of reformed religion and civil liberty;—a cause which they regarded as basely betrayed at home.

The directions which the king gave for preachers, and the consequences which resulted from them, afford a good anecdote:—

A scholar of Oxford, named Knight, who had recently taken orders, had preached a sermon in the university, in which he "delivered that which derogated much from the safety of regal majesty." The vice-chancellor informed against him to Laud, and Laud carried the report to the king. "Presently the floods lift up their voices; ruin is thundered against Knight, who had set such a beacon on fire in the face of the university." To the Gate-house he was committed a close prisoner, where he lay a great while, "macerated with fear, and want, and hard lodging." Dr. White, the same who purchased Sion College for the clergy of London, was threatened with a similar fate; as a residentiary of St. Paul's, the good man, then very aged, had preached a sermon which was falsely represented to the king as of a disloyal tendency; "for he was very rich," and the informers hoped to divide his money amongst them.

Both these unfortunate divines threw themselves upon the humanity of the lord keeper, and he resolved to exert himself to the utmost in their behalf. Going to the king with some instructions for preachers in his hand, which had been committed to him to draw up, he begged that his majesty would allow this article to be added to the rest;—that no man should preach before the age of thirty or after that of sixty. The king exclaimed that there was madness in the notion;—he had many chaplains under thirty, who preached before him at Royston and Newmarket much to his contentment; and his prelates and chaplains who were far advanced in years were the greatest masters of divinity in Europe. "I agree to all this," said the keeper, "and since your Majesty will allow both young and old to go up into the pulpit, it is but justice that you show indulgence to the young ones, if they run into errors before their wits be settled, and pity to the old ones if some of them fall into dotage." He ended by begging, and not in vain, the grace of both the preachers, who "had been foolish in their several extremes of years." The general course, however, of his master's policy proceeded unaltered, all whose measures, at this period, were directed to promote the completion of his favourite project,—the Spanish match; the negotiations for which will next engage our attention.

Miss Aikin draws the character of James with considerable ability, but she is much too favourable to him; we shall, however, quote an extract in conclusion:—

'Vanity was a leading foible in the character of James, and one source of some of the principal mistakes in his reign. It was an overweening opinion of his own



eloquence and polemical skill which tempted him to hold the conference at Hampton Court, where, under the notion of confuting the refractory puritans, he insulted them by menaces and revilings, and thus converted this formidable party from mere dissatisfied sectaries into determined political enemies. The same principle, exalting his idea of the surpassing majesty of the kingly character, prompted him to indulge in those arrogant, and even blasphemous, representations of his own prerogative and dignity, which filled all true Englishmen with indignation and disgust, and implanted in the bosoms of his parliaments jealousies which he found it impossible to eradicate. It was, in a great measure, also his vanity which prompted him to seek, on behalf of his heir, those alliances with the great catholic sovereigns which became the source of so much offence to his people, and finally of irreparable ruin to his posterity.

On his propensity to favouritism it is needless to expatiate; every page in his history is an exemplification of this weakness, and of the endless mischiefs which it is calculated to produce. The only excuse for his blind indulgence to the objects of his affection, must be derived from his boundless good-nature; which overflowed upon all who approached him, and rendered it a moral impossibility for him to refuse any request urged with importunity. His profuse liberality, which sprung from the same source, was the chief, if not the sole, cause of his constant want of money; for his personal habits were simple and uniform in a remarkable degree; he cared for few objects of magnificence, and indulged in no expensive pleasures, unless the sports of the field deserve to be accounted such when pursued by a monarch. Of these sports, in which James consumed so large a portion of his time, it was the worst effect, that they contributed to foster that irascibility on small provocations which so frequently transported him beyond the bounds of dignity and even of common decency, and on some occasions exposed him to the contempt of the meanest of his people. An anecdote to this effect, related by Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, belongs to the last year of James's life, and may here find a place.

"I will... write you news from the court at Rufford, where the loss of a stag, and the hounds hunting foxes instead of deer, put the king your master into a marvellous chafe, accompanied with those ordinary symptoms better known to you courtiers, I conceive, than to us country swains; in the height whereof comes a clown galloping in, and staring full in his face; 'Sblood,' quoth he, 'am I come forty miles to see a fellow?' and presently in a great rage turns about his horse, and away he goes faster than he came. The address whereof caused his majesty and all the company to burst out into a vehement laughter; and so the fume, for the time, was happily dispersed."

'Another story, for which we are indebted to Wilson, is equally illustrative of the faults and excellencies of the monarch's disposition. In the midst of the negotiations for the Spanish match, the king, who was at Theobalds, was much discomposed by missing some important papers which he had received respecting it. On recollection, he was persuaded that he had intrusted them to his old servant Gib, a Scotchman and gentleman of the bedchamber. Gib, on being called, declared, humbly but firmly, that no such papers had ever been given to his care; on which the king, transported with rage, after much reviling, kicked him as he knelt before him. "Sir," exclaimed Gib, instantly rising, "I have served you from my youth, and you never found me unfaithful; I have not deserved this from you, nor can I live longer with you under this disgrace; fare ye well, sir, I will never see your face more:" and he instantly took horse for London. No sooner was the circumstance known in the palace, than the papers were brought to the king by Endymion Porter, to whom he had given them. He asked for Gib, and being told that he was gone, ordered them to post after him and bring him back; vowing that he would neither eat, drink, nor sleep till he saw him. And when he at length beheld him entering his chamber, he knelt down and very earnestly begged his pardon; nor would he rise from this humble posture till he had, in a manner, compelled the confused and astonished Gib to pronounce the words of absolution.'

On the whole, while we admit Miss Aikin's work to be a good continuation of her *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, we must express our opinion that it is inferior to that work, and that both might have been made more interesting and valuable if she had resorted to the collection of unpublished MSS. in the British Museum, immediately relating to these reigns.

## Original Communications.

### PINDARICISM.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Having lately employed a few leisure hours in the perusal of Gray's Poems, and having, as is usual with me, taken notes of those passages which seemed to me to deserve it, either by their excellence or absurdity, I beg leave to submit a few observations on the works of an author, emphatically denominated (not by Johnson however), the British Pindar.

The title of 'Pindaric' is somewhat equivocal. If I mistake not, it belongs to that class of sophisms, called *sophismata conjunctionis*, i. e. where two different and adversative meanings are

couched in the same word. Now, a poem which is Pindaric, may signify a poem of two very different descriptions, viz. a poem which is sublime *in toto* or for the most part, and a poem which is unintelligible *in toto* or for the most part. Now, whether the British Pindar's poetry may or may not be Pindaric to others, I will not take upon me to say; but this I can aver, that it is for the most part so to my judgment. I can truly say, with honest Casca, that it is 'Greek to me,' and I therefore feel myself compelled to allow the appositeness of the above surname to the British Pindar without any reservation.

It may not be amiss to specify some of these unintelligible sublimities, that, by imitating them successfully, we may, some of us (the happy few!), become Pindars ourselves; such is the philanthropic design of this paper.

First,—In 'The Progress of Poesy,' what does the British Pindar mean by describing steeds?—

'With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding pace.'

In the plain way of conception, thunder is a sound; and to speak of equipping a steed's neck with a sound, would appear little short of a downright absurdity. Hence I conjecture that this passage must be meant for sublimity. I shall be told, in answer, that it is a verbatim transcript from the Book of Job—  
Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Again I shall be told that the Guardian professes his admiration of it. Still I must contend for its sublimity. It is in no wise more intelligible in the sacred author than in the profane; and as it involves no matter of faith, but mere matter of poetry, I must be allowed to express my inability to consider it in any other light than as a specimen of the pure, unintelligible, sublime, without the charge of irreligion, till some more conclusive arguments than those of the Guardian have 'reduced me to whistle.'

Second,—In the ode on a distant prospect of Eton College, there is a line which very frequently adorns the conversation of lovers of poetry, but the propriety of which I could never make myself aware of. It is this—

'Moody madness, laughing wild.'

Now here again the expression seems to me to trench upon a contradiction in terms, and hence I conclude it to be nothing else than a sly touch of the sublime. Moodiness certainly includes no idea anywise cognate to laughter,



even hysterical laughter. Johnson explains the word moody, 'angry,' or 'out of humour;' and although in poetry we must not look for logical exactness (as, if we do, we shall be in danger of a disappointment), yet to me moodiness and laughter appear as incompatible as darkness and daylight. In fact, the line is, without doubt, sufficiently inaccurate to be considered as truly sublime; it is one of those rhapsodies which I can conceive to emanate from the lips of a legitimate son of the muse, when he stalks about with (God shield us!)—

His eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
one of those expressions which, as a certain very popular authoress of the present day avers, 'come in the moment of inspiration,' and which have 'no particular meaning,' but which, nevertheless, are very poetical.

Third: Has it never struck any of the British Pindar's admirers, the curious botanical doctrine contained in the following verse of the Curfew:

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high'—  
Roots! roots so high! fantastic roots,  
by'r lady! I acknowledge having heard of a fellow of a certain college in this empire trying his astronomical skill in calculating the height of a pillar by the help of a quadrant; and, after divers unsuccessful attempts, at length finding its altitude to be, *minus* ninety feet, that is to say, ninety feet *under the ground*: but the poet who is able so to invert the order of nature, as to suppose the roots of a tree wreathed fantastically over his head, must be a very fine poet indeed. 'It is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' and the length of this step is—just the length of a beech tree.

I beg leave, however, to propose the following solution of this difficulty, which may possibly relieve the British Pindar from the imputation of pindaricism, in this instance at least. We have all heard the old song

There was a black hen,  
And she had a black foot,  
And she lived under  
The blackberry root,

Sing hen, black foot, and blackberry root.

Now, quære, had not the British Pindar most probably this song in his eye, when he committed the above Pindaricism? Is not the fact of a black hen living *under* a blackberry root, a sufficient authority for the British Pindar to draw a melancholy image of a gentleman stretched beneath the roots of a beech tree? There, indeed, we might have the roots flou-

rishing very conveniently over head; and thus might the Pindaricism be explained so as to become mere common sense. Or what if we suppose the tree to be one of those trees which grow on the top of their head? Ah! no; I forgot that a beech tree is a beech tree, and can no more stand on his head, than a drunken mortal upon his heels. But I submit that my former exposition is satisfactory, and I would be glad to see a better from any correspondent of the *Literary Chronicle*.

Feb. 11th, 1822. CALAMUS.

#### VALENTINE'S DAY.

VALENTINE was an ancient presbyter of the church: after a year's imprisonment at Rome he was beaten with clubs, and then beheaded, in the *Via Flaminia*, about the year 270, under Claudius II. The modern celebration of this day, with young persons, is well known; and it may be some consolation to those who complain of the gradual decline of good old customs, to be informed, that the practice of sending 'Valentines' on this day still flourishes in undiminished vigour; it appearing, by the returns of the Twopenny Post Office, that the number of letters which passed through that office on the 14th of February, 1821, exceeded the usual daily average by the number of two hundred thousand letters!

Valentine's-day, we are happy to find, was not forgotten by the intrepid seamen of the arctic expedition, while laid up in Winter Harbour, and experiencing all the rigours of a North Georgian season; accordingly, a *jeu d'esprit* on the subject appeared in their very entertaining Gazette, intitled 'Hyperborean Privilege,' from which we make an extract:—

'Young Cupid! fond of unity,  
Our Boreal community  
Defy you with impunity;  
Your arrows and your bow.

'This day of sensibility,  
And Valentine's fertility,  
Displays invincibility  
Among the northern snow.

'Blest with inflexibility  
To bright eyes and gentility,  
We owe no liability  
Of being hurt by you.

'Almost devoid of covering,  
In southern climes stay hovering,  
The cold would set you shivering;  
So, urchin boy, adieu!

'For o'er our hearts you must your pow'r resign,  
Till we, returning, bow at beauty's shrine.'

*Time's Telescope.*

#### GOD SAVE THE KING AND NON NOBIS DOMINE.

THE question as to who was the author of the words and composer of the music of our national anthem, God save the King, which has excited so much controversy in the literary world, appears now to be set at rest in a work on the subject, by Mr. J. Clark, of the King's Chapel Royal.

Mr. Clark candidly notices all that has been published upon it; assigns very satisfactory reasons why they are all wrong; in fact, all that has been written and published on the subject have been mere assertions and conjectures without any proofs, and in all the printed copies of that delightful music, it has never appeared in the list of any composer's works who has been reported the composer of it. In fact, no composer has claimed it, but it has been attributed to them after their decease. Mr. Clark has, by indefatigable research and perseverance for several years past, most completely decided the question, and set it at rest not to be disputed any longer; and in the discovery of the real composer of this loyal and national anthem, his name is most appropriate, as it is no other than the national character, John Bull. Mr. Clark has traced back, from the records and books of the Merchant Tailors' Company, that it was composed and sung in the year 1607, on the wonderful escape of King James I. from the Powder Plot, and sung in their hall by the gentlemen and children of his Majesty's Chapel Royal on the day when King James dined there, when a grand and solemn entertainment to celebrate the event of the King's escape from the Gunpowder Plot was given; and it is supposed that the church service was performed previous to the entertainment, as the dean and sub-dean were present, and an organ was erected in the hall upon the occasion, which was on the 16th of July, 1607. Dr. John Bull was first Professor of Music to Gresham College in 1596, and was chosen organist to King James I. in 1607, and played before the King at the above entertainment. It appears from the Merchant Tailors' records, that the Master of the Company conferred with Ben Jonson, who was then poet laureat, to write some verses for an anthem, which he accordingly did, beginning with 'God save great James our King,' and Dr. John Bull set them to music, which is the same so universally admired; now George is substituted: the



whole of the words will be found to be applicable to those times; and in Dr. John Bull's MS. Catalogue of Music in No. 56. is 'God save the King.'

Another memorable composition was performed at the above entertainment for the first time. A Latin grace, 'Non Nobis Domine,' was written for the occasion, and set to music as a canon by Mr. William Byrd, one of the gentlemen of the King's Chapel, and it was sung at the King's table for the first time. It is a remarkable circumstance that these two pieces continue to be preferred to all others; in fact, no others have vied with them, and they are both still sung at every festival and public dinner.

### Americana,

No. III.

MR. KEAN.

MUCH has been said of Mr. Kean's physical disqualifications; but we do not think them important enough to provoke objection, or serve as a fall to 'the triumph of genius.'—We only consider him inferior, not positively deficient in personal requisites. His form is neither faultless nor destitute of Grace and Dignity, whenever he condescends to shake hands with these antiquated matrons.

Mr. Kean has a fine black intelligent eye; but it darts forth no lightning, no subtle viewless arrows, that pierce at every glance, yet inflict no wound. It appears generally fixed on vacancy or addressed to a part of the audience, and does not impart any defined emotion except that of *pity*. Its real 'speculation' is *melancholy*, not terror. His smile has not that shuddering depth of sardonic grin, from which it flies back to its own original good nature, with such instinctive predilection as to excite the suspicion, that chance alone wedded him to the repulsive Goddess of Grief, when his own choice would have led him to her fantastic, but more congenial, 'laughter-loving' sister.

The agreeable features of his, we think, handsome countenance, set off to the greatest advantage by a dark complexion, have not the power, by their own strength and flexibility, to impress us with nobleness, grandeur, and awe, either in virtue or in vice. All these faithful interpreters of soul, are successful in him not separately or individually, but only when united and concentrated. *Motion* is his true element; but it is a motion allied more

to the corporeal than intellectual system.—As an actor, he lives in the general movement of his body, sinks with the first pause or rest, and dies in a state of quiescence.—In the simultaneous exertion of the whole lies his only power of expression; and, therefore, the suspension of this integral activity is a never-fading signal for the operating spell to vanish, even at the moment of its appearance. Mr. Kean's forces cannot act in detachment. The eye, the lip, the forehead, the voice, the step, the soul itself, have not in him each its own independent sway. Hence comes his acknowledged failure in *Macbeth*, and, we may add, in all such parts as require less bustle than sustained dignity, uninterrupted grandeur, and, if the expression be allowed, *passive* sublimity of action—the true touchstone of tragedy. Hence, too, that monotony, that apparent carelessness, which few will deny as prevailing in all his characters; since in all there is much less occasion for the rapid evolution of the whole body, than for the alternate exertion of its particular organs. Mr. Kean, with a mask over his head, would be nearly as effective an actor as he is at present; but the mere living bust of a *Kemble*, *Talma*, or *Cooke*, would excel him in all the higher points where expression is action itself. We have watched closely, from a very favourable position: his *Richard* was king himself up to the murder of *Henry*; he certainly made some effort to apprise us of the mighty rage swelling within his mind, as he was compelled in some measure to do; still, the utmost of this effort was no more than the glimmering of a partially darkening lantern, when compared with that struggling inward flame which shook the poised frame of *Cooke* 'from top to toe;' which seemed to consume his 'very bone and marrow;' and whose fatal eruption was awaited with involuntary fear and breathless agitation. The passion was not fully visible in Kean, till the body, being summoned to assistance, the rapid movement of the blow of death cheated the imagination, by associating the catastrophe with the wrath that produced it. In truth, this is the general expedient by which Mr. K. steals surprise and admiration.

Madness, as it admits of a greater latitude and deviation from strict dramatic propriety, is the only personation within the scope of tragic greatness, to which Mr. Kean aspires with a predilection, whose motive cannot for an in-

stant be misconceived; but even here he succeeds better in its pathetic than its furious turn. Besides, this madness, notwithstanding the great variety of characters in which it is supposed to appear, is uniformly the same raving, inebriated, revolting creature of his own brain, as long as it does not pass to melancholy, which, as we have already observed, seems to be well suited to his powers, although no object of his preference.

Mimic madness, arbitrary as it may be, has nevertheless some rules of its own, which cannot be violated without overstraining and breaking the strong chain of sympathy that holds it rivetted on the feelings of the audience. How superior it is in effect, when thus regulated, was distinctly shewn in Mrs. Duff's masterly, admirable, and, to us at least, unexpected representation of *Hermione*, brought fairly in contrast with Mr. Kean's *Orestes*.—How striking the difference! All felt it, though not all perhaps will acknowledge it. Here was indeed the true, fine, tragic phrenzy, heart-rending, soul appalling, but charming it was, and beautiful in ruin; his—the tearing, foaming, spitting, throat-rattling, unsightly disease, fit only for the hospital of a pantomime!

Nature is undoubtedly the soul of tragedy; but it is only the beautiful not the offensive part of it. A gentleman should be a gentleman in his cups; and a hero still a hero, even amidst the wreck of reason. Tragedy is all art. To be easy and natural in her service, is to be in the highest degree artificial—it is to have so much art as entirely to conceal it. In this manner *Siddons*, *Kemble*, *Talma*, and *Cooke*, were so easy and natural, that many did not even suspect the secret, until, by an attempt at imitation, they exposed themselves to the mortification of failure. If Mr. Kean understood this highly sensitive art, he would not so often kill it with the rough touch of familiarity. His nature is not a fine spirited lady, but a prowling common scold broke loose from a workhouse.

In what is technically called 'keeping it up' of character, Mr. Kean seems equally deficient. He preys on it as on a victim, instead of hugging it to his bosom, and wearing it in his heart. He either passes on with indifference, which is most frequently the case; or in one of his starts or fits he snatches it up with furious violence, buffets it without mercy, tosses it to



and *fro* with all his might and main, then throws it by till the next paroxysm. His very bustle and flashes have so much of a preconcerted trick, that by seeing them once, it is quite terrible that we may judge by our own successful experiment, to anticipate their usual order, succession, appearance, and disappearance, as respects both time and place, in every character announced for the next representation.

In the deeper mental faculty of *conception*, that approaches to the poet's own power of *invention*, Mr. Kean has not much to boast of; since, with the exception of Sir Edward Mortimer, in our opinion, his best performance, the only one that delighted us, he has given no satisfactory proof of possessing, or, at least, exercising that faculty. His Othello, the next best performance, though we were pleased with some parts of it, was a mere raving negro, not Shakespeare's noble and heroic Moor; not to mention that the continuation of downright rage, commenced in good earnest, at the words 'beware of jealousy,' robs the author and the character itself of a great consistent beauty in that immediate recovery from a transient stir of feeling, and in that conscious shame of being so moved, which reveal in an instant the whole elevation of Othello's soul, and consecrate our sympathy by inspiring respect for its object. In Sir Giles Overreach, besides the similar incongruity of signaling his first entrance in the fifth act by a fury which seems without bounds, reason, or sufficient provocation, which converts what was intended merely as the father's excessive exultation, into a biting ferocious insult to a lady suspected as yet of no offence—and which, before its time, exhausts the actor's powers and the spectator's concern. Mr. Kean, instead of Massinger's and Cooke's designing, boasting, courteous, browbeating, fearless, hypocritical, resolute, relentless, vigorous, desperado, ready to lick the dust of a lord's feet, or spit on his face, and encounter an army with his single falchion—presents us with his own uncouth, swaggering, bullying, unmanly, old knight, relieved only by two exquisite touches, first where he triumphantly appeals to his sword in vindication of his daughter's rights, nobly resenting the mere suggestion of her desertion; and, secondly, the earliest indication of phrenzy, after his assault on the clergyman, which being a sudden transition to

*melancholy*, furnishes another conclusive evidence of our placing his power in the *pathetic*. Even his Richard is merely a dull, petulant, snarling, by turns familiar and overbearing, but never the great-minded villain who, in the poet and his ablest representative, extorts respect and admiration even amidst his very atrocities: the hysterical gasping, after the dream, in the tent-scene, the first, and almost the only feat which was hailed with a burst of clamorous applause on the first night's representation, being, in our opinion, any thing but a great beauty.

Mr. Kean has none of those expressive touches, those magic revelations, which, in a single word, give out the soul entire, and form the genuine exclusive characteristics of a great actor. Our meaning will be perfectly understood by persons who have heard—never to forget—Kemble's 'boy,' in Coriolanus, 'good night' in Richard, or 'is it the king,' in Hamlet; Siddons' 'are you a man,' or 'dash the brains,' in Lady Macbeth; and Cooke's 'as you guess,' 'merry bond,' 'look to the bond;' all uttered in a manner which can only be felt but never described or imitated. Against all these Mr. Kean has only his affected transitions, 'fool, fool, fool,' 'blood, blood, blood,' 'dead, dead, dead,' and the like; which prove to the very letter Napoleon's celebrated saying, that *from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step!*—So apt, indeed, is Mr. Kean to betray affectation on these occasions, that he spoils his own original and really beautiful conception of the manner of delivering Othello's 'farewell,' by whining it out in a kind of a false undertone, a dissonant flat below the minor key note in which he pitched his voice; a discordance the more singular, as he is said to be a proficient vocalist, and a willing cultivator of music.

Mr. Kean's reading, so confessedly void of all attempt at emphasis and classical elocution, with the solitary but honourable exception, as far as he has given us an opportunity to judge, of Othello's speech to the senate,—if purposely shunned, is a deliberate insult to literature—if not always within the scope of his powers, which is not improbable—a paralyzing defect, debarring him at once from all mental aspirations in tragedy. To commend this as a new beauty, and thus to pass an implied censure on the highest achievement of the dramatic muse, by voting her divine language out of all

consideration, and reducing her very invention to a mere dumb-show, is full as just and consistent as to select for admiration that peculiar delicacy which has so strangely evinced itself in the unceremonious utterance of words banished from the stage for their impropriety, and in ushering the *edifying* 'Bertram' first into public notice\*.

What then remains to Mr. Kean? Novelty and originality? These are sufficient to account for his uncommon popularity, but not to satisfy the eye of experience, which, almost at a glance, detects in them—*studied peculiarities*; divested of all importance by the very facility with which they are caught by others—*expedients* gleaned on the traces of great tragedians who spurned them from their path—and *contortions* transferred by a bold usurpation from pantomime to tragedy. Even the merit of such invasion is not new; for we have long since heard of actors spitting real blood from a well soaked sponge in their mouth, which is a far more adventurous hit at the *sublime*. We have ourselves not only witnessed Elliston's equally successful art of wielding the all-powerful machinery of *hysterics* on the stage, although he limited the experiment to Octavian; but have also inspected

\* Of Mr. Kean, as a gentleman, we profess ourselves of the most zealous admirers, and we are so upon the concurrent testimony of all who had the opportunity of enjoying his private society—but the excellence of his own character tends only to aggravate the offence of bringing forth 'Bertram,' since he must have done so against his own conscience and good feelings, for the sake of adding one soiled feather to his helmet already decorated with a superabundance of lustrous plumage. *Prudery* and *affectation* of delicacy have no reason to complain, since their scruples can be so easily overcome—but *true modesty* must recoil with horror from the most bare-faced libel on the highest dignity of female character, and the most scandalous prostitution of genius, that ever, without reason, apology, or the reverential pretext of time and precedent, disgraced the annals of the drama. It is an outrage which ought to be deeply resented by all who feel an interest in vindicating the stage from unmerited obloquy, cast upon it by the very persons who may not shrink from the sight of its grossest impurity. 'Bertram' is indeed a monster, who may be said to live and feed upon *anomalies*, being engendered by a clergyman, fostered by a noble poet, made first current by an actor of unimpeachable morals, and tolerated, nay, applauded by more than one civilized audience. The courtiers in the juvenile library may proclaim the long projecting disfiguration of nose in their prince as a great perfection—nurses and mothers, whose fondness increases with the value and quantity of care bestowed, may fancy an Adonis in a rickety pet—but never let us hear of delicacy connected with the introduction of 'Bertram'?

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blasts,



Holman's school, which, as most of us may remember, was not decry'd for lack of pantomimic bustle. Mr. Kean, then, has only evinced more worldly wisdom, and a more correct judgment, by extending the practice of the former and lopping off the tedious pomposity of the latter, who studied all his life-time how to invite favour with one hand and repel it with the other.

The beauties of Mr. Kean, if we may be allowed to speak decidedly, are all comprised in the *soul-pervading*, positive *charm* of a *hurried* though *broken* feeling, which keeps alive the expectation, prepares it to receive the slightest treat, because long delayed, with more than usual avidity, extorts a greater value for that which, being so scarce in him, was too abundant in others to be equally appreciated, and, by accelerating the progress of the play itself, leaves the mind of the audience not only untired, but most favourably excited, as respects general curiosity or the particular desire to purchase, with the pleasure of new discoveries, fresh materials for disputation.

Having ventured to pronounce this judgment, the result of mature deliberation, we have neither the vanity to suppose it infallible, the tenacious arrogance to defend it, nor any intention to give offence. The curtain was drawn up; and the god himself, as chanted by the priests of 'Blackwood,' stood forth and revealed to our longing eyes; but, as regards ourselves, it was only the gorgeous vision of a moment. The first rude shock of reality dissipated at once the dream of hope and the illusion of expectation. We found, indeed, that Mr. Kean was apt to '*vulgarize*,' that he was '*all effort*,' and that, to relish the pleasure he labours to administer, a '*correspondent effort*' was necessary in the tasters themselves. This last, any but agreeable exercise, was so often imposed on us, that, with all possible disposition to persevere, we gave it up in despair, as a hopeless attempt to *advance* by going *backwards*, or reach the *summit* of delight by sinking *lower* with every step.

We have declined elaborate comparisons, because we would not be supposed to admit of any where none exists. We did not speak more at large of Siddons; because a violent grasping at perfection is not perfection, any more than the occasional fury of inspiration is inspiration itself: nor of Kemble, because a confined sheet of water, struck with sudden convulsive blasts, cannot vie with a magnificent

river, that, slow or rapid, never ceases flowing, and, whether chafed by tempest or boiling with rage, never throws out deformity upon the Elysian boundaries prescribed to it by nature:—nor of Cooke; since partial coruscations, sudden flashes and vivid explosions at intervals, are nothing to the burst of one continued blaze from a breathing volcano:—nor of Talma; since blustering Night cannot be paired with *energetic* Day; and, could we prefer the dazzling and constant brilliancy of snow to the transient but warm emission of light;—we should also exempt Cooper from the injustice of comparison. Of other names we have not the courage to speak. Suffice it, that in the fairy palace of tragedy every thing must be *great, noble, and beautiful*, and though a Massaniello may break into it at the head of rebels, he will not be suffered to remain there as the chosen, acknowledged, and legitimate sovereign.—*The Palladium*.

### Original Poetry.

#### TO OSSIAN.

BARD of the times of old, to thee is due  
The grateful tribute of a feeling breast;  
Oft has thy magic volume brought to view  
The mighty Fingal in the hour of rest.

When on his lonely hill the King reclined,  
And passed away in sleep the dreary night,  
While the harp's sound came floating on the wind,  
And Trenmor's spirit blest his aged sight.

How has it made my soul with ardour glow,  
When the brave monarch, starting from his sleep,  
Hath rush'd in arms to meet the northern foe,  
Who came to Erin o'er the rolling deep.

The brave Cuchullin, too, I oft descry,  
And generous Connal, in his gleaming arms,  
Cairbar the Fierce, with darkly rolling eye,  
Foldath, whose soul delights in wars' alarms.

When 'mid the valiant chiefs, in Selma's hall,  
Thy voice, O Ossian, sings the warriors' praise,  
My country's former fame it doth recal,  
My ancestors' renown in better days.

Days, when in splendour o'er the Saxon tow'rs,  
The Powis' lion proudly rose on high,  
Days, when in triumph Cambria's warlike pow'rs  
Fought for their native land and liberty.

Days, when her chieftains listen'd with delight,  
To the bard's song that told their fathers' fame,

Till their souls panted for the glorious fight,  
And each stern eyeball glow'd with valour's flame.

Oft at evening in the peaceful grove,  
All lonely musing, many an hour I've stray'd,  
And thought of Agandecca's faithful love,  
And fancied I beheld her mournful shade.

Oft has my heart in secret giv'n a sigh,  
For Oscar, Fillan, Ryno, Orla-brave;

Oft in idea has my aching eye

Beheld the dear lights bounding o'er their grave.

Full oft have I the generous King admir'd,  
Who never triumph'd o'er a fallen foe,  
Sweet mercy filled the breast that rage had fir'd,  
When 'neath his spear the enemy was low.

How, when the rising moon, advancing bright,  
Spread wide her silv'ry lustre o'er the field,  
I've gaz'd with rapture at the pleasing sight,  
And thought, O Ossian, of thy father's shield.

That shield which, in the solemn hour of night,  
Gave signals that the hostile foe was near,  
When ev'ry warrior, cloth'd in armour bright,  
Grasp'd, with an eager hand, his pointed spear.

And when thou feelest with thine aged hand,  
The grass that covers valiant Oscar's breast,  
And lone and comfortless I see thee stand,  
My bosom longs to lull thy cares to rest.

Sulmatta's matchless love my soul hath charm'd,

And Cathmar's fall has drawn the tender tear;  
Thy deeds, brave chieftain, have my bosom warm'd,

In fancy oft thy harp's soft strains I hear.

But thou, O bard, art in the silent tomb,  
Thy shade hath join'd brave Oscar and Fingal;

And oft at times thy harp thou dost resume,  
Amid the chieftains in thine airy hall.

Yet thy brave actions never shall decay,  
They'll live triumphant in poetic lore;  
Till man's uncertain race shall pass away,  
Till time shall fade and mem'ry be no more.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

#### EGBERT THE BRAVE.

HARK! the harsh cannons roar echoes loud thro' the hills,

The warriors are rushing—the ranks are fast breaking;

Each dies as his foeman's blood spills—  
And the coursers are flying, to save from grim death

The warrior, whose sword hath just robbed one of breath,  
And which just from the wound is drawn reeking.

'Tis done!—and he falls—the brave warrior lies low,  
The leader, the monarch, great Egbert the brave;

The ranks are retiring—and fears seize the foe,  
For they see desperation inhabits those breasts  
Where pity and honest humanity rests,  
As they think on the warrior's grave.

'Tis done!—and the shrill blast that flies thro' the air,

Proclaims that the fight now is o'er;  
It glads the soft bosom of filial despair,  
Yet rives the sad heart whose best friend is laid low,

And casts it a prey to the direst of woe,—  
The thought that the man is no more.

But Egbert in agony lies—he is dying,  
And vain are all efforts his loved life to save;  
The foes from the field of destruction are flying,  
They abandon the war-field and leave it in haste,

That the large tract of ground which the war hath laid waste,

May be left as for Egbert a grave.  
The youth's thoughts fly to home—to his own native land,



To the land of his power—the land of the brave;  
Where with joy is received his despotic command,  
While the breast wars with love, and the delicate fair  
Will sorrowing weep, and bestow a sad tear  
In remembrance of Egbert the brave.

J. C. P.

### Fine Arts.

#### THE BRITISH GALLERY.

HAVING noticed the opening of this excellent Institution, we shall proceed to the examination to a few of such of the pictures as have not already come before us at the Royal Academy. One of the most prominent in size is—

No. 43, Diagram of the Battle of Waterloo, by George Jones, a work which possesses considerable merit. It represents that period of the memorable engagement when the British army advances in pursuit of the routed enemy. Ney is attempting to rally the scattered remains of his fugitive troops, while the wings of the British army are closing upon them. As an historical painting, this picture will not rank highly; for, although there are several admirable sketches, yet the grouping is neither correct nor harmonious. There is too much space in the foreground, and there is not sufficient dignity and importance in the characters: it is where the battle rages that the skill of the painter is displayed; and he represents the impetuous charge of the British, and the retreat and confusion of the enemy, on whose every lip you seem to see *saute qui peut*, with fearful effect.

It is to be regretted that the painter has introduced groups neither connected with the events of the day nor with each other: the colouring of the picture is warm and natural. Whether the name of diagram was given modestly, affectedly, or in reference to the correctness of the drawing we know not, but we suspect from the latter, as in the description of the ground and the relative distance of the object, there appears great correctness; but this mechanical arrangement, we suspect, has fettered the genius of the painter, and restrained him from that freedom of sketch which is essential to a good picture.

Edwin Landseer, an artist of the highest promise, has two charming pictures in this exhibition; No. 94, *The Larder Invaded*, and No. 122, *The Watchful Sentinel*. The spirit, expression, and intelligence which this artist gives to the animals he paints,

plead strongly in their favour. In the latter picture, the dog, which is protecting some baggage in an inn-yard, while the horses are changing, displays a saucy dignity, which bespeaks his office and the confidence his employers place in his watchfulness.

### The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.—In consequence of the indisposition of Signor Curioni, the new opera of *Il Baroni di Dolsheim* has been laid aside for some days. This the frequenters of the Opera House will scarcely regret, since it has been succeeded by Rossini's beautiful opera, *Il Turco in Italia*. The part of Selim was admirably represented by Signor Cartoni, and the whole opera was very well cast; several of the airs were encored. The ballet of the *Carnival of Venice* followed, in which Signor Albert and Mademoiselle Anatole were distinguished by their gracefulness and agility. The house has been crowded with rank, fashion, and elegance.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday night, a new melo-drama; no, we beg Mr. Elliston's pardon, a new 'pathetic drama,' was produced at this theatre, intitled *Adeline*. It is a translation from the French, and the story, though not destitute of interest, is but a bad subject for the stage. The incidents in the piece arise out of the efforts of the heroine, Adeline, to escape the snares contrived for her ruin by a young officer, who, though already possessing a wife, seduces the daughter of a blind old soldier, by promising to marry her; the scenes that follow the knowledge that she has been betrayed are very interesting. The opening bud of youth and beauty nipped by the untimely blast of the seducer, the only earthly hope of an aged parent for ever destroyed, are circumstances, which cannot fail deeply to affect those who witness them either in real life or on the stage. The incidents were, however, often very improbable, and the sentiments sadly overstrained. Blind men often do very surprising things, but we never before heard of their fighting duels; and there is something approaching the impious, even in a wronged parent calling on God to direct his arm against a man who declares that he will not defend himself. The moral of the drama is also somewhat faulty; and its success was principally owing to the excellent acting of Miss Cope-

land, in the heroine; acting which would have done honour to a tragedy, much more to a melo-drama; we seldom have seen an actress exhibit the working of the heart, under affliction, with so much truth, feeling, pathos, and effect. Mr. Cooper, who has wonderfully improved in personating old men, was judicious, correct, and pathetic in the father. Knight had the character of a good honest rustic, which few can personate better. The scenery is very pretty, and the piece was very well received, and has been repeated with approbation, but without attracting good houses.

A very pleasing comic sketch was produced at this theatre on Thursday night, entitled *Love in Humble Life*; it is adapted from the French, and possesses all the peculiarities which generally characterize the productions of that school, intermixed with some touches of homely feeling; the story is simple but interesting; the dialogue animated and well sustained; and the humour chaste and sparkling. Miss S. Booth was the heroine, and was playful and pathetic, as her feelings varied with the circumstances in which she was placed. Mr. Cooper was a generous warm-hearted soldier, and Knight an amusing rustic. The trifle was deservedly much applauded.

COVENT GARDEN.—Last night the promised opera of *Montrose, or the Children of the Mist*, was produced here. As 'The Legend of Montrose,' from which this operatic spectacle is taken, is completely made up of unreal, extravagant, and horrible events, it was too much to expect, that the dramatist could in any way preserve its identity, and at the same time free himself from the cumbrous mass of improbability, with which his copy abounds. With such an evident drawback, however, we must do him the justice to say, that in the construction of the opera, he has made no bad use of the materials afforded him in the romance; and, had the latter delineated the genuine passions of the human mind in a well-connected story, instead of being a collection of strange and unnatural incidents indistinctly portrayed, the opera of *Montrose*, (with the aid of its beautiful scenery and the imposing effect of Astley's well caparisoned cavalry, here brought into action) might have been as amusing in incident as it was powerful in scenic display. Some of the parts were well cast. Abbott, as the wild and incoherent Allan M'Aulay, Yates, as Ro-



nald of the Mist, and Liston, as the eccentric cavalier, Captain Dugald Dalgetty, supported their characters with energy and feeling; and Taylor, as the Highland Donald, rendered an otherwise inconspicuous personage in the opera interesting by his just conception of it. The artless Annot Lyle was performed by Miss Stephens in a style of consistent simplicity, and she was rapturously encored in the Scotch airs of 'O w're a' noddin' and 'Charlie is my darling.' Indeed the fate of the piece, as an opera, depended much on the musical powers of this lady, who was fortunately in excellent voice, and sang with her accustomed sweetness. The music is the joint production of Messrs. Bishop, Ware, and Watson; the former of whom composed the overture, which displayed considerable science and was well received. Indeed, from the overture, the glee at the commencement of the opera by Mr. Ware, and especially from the first chorus, 'Spirit! Father! hear our cry,' which was an elaborate, powerful, and scientific composition by Mr. Watson, we were prepared for a greater treat in the original pieces than we afterwards experienced, notwithstanding they were principally executed by Miss Stephens and Duruset. The old Scotch airs, as we before observed, gave evident satisfaction to the audience, and with none were they more delighted than with the song and chorus of 'Green grow the Rashes O!' by Duruset, Liston, and Taylor, which was well arranged, and twice sung with effect. In the duet between Miss Stephens and Master Longhurst we were sorry, though not surprised, to see that the latter laboured under the effects of so great a hoarseness as to render him almost inaudible. It certainly argues a bad taste and want of feeling in those who have the management of these things to see this clever little boy thrust into the pantomime, and night after night exerting—nay destroying his vocal organs, by singing through a hideous mask in the character of Mother Bunch. We believe he is the pupil of Mr. Watson; we would, therefore recommend that gentleman to remonstrate against such an unnatural prostitution of the talents of his protégé before it is too late. On the whole we think, that although the piece frequently languishes, and in some parts is extremely vapid—although the characters partake of all the extravagant colouring of the romance, and the tale is indistinctly told; yet there are whole

scenes sufficiently animated to redeem it from condemnation, and calculated even to draw full houses for many nights; but its duration is not at all likely to be equal to that of *Guy Mannering* or *Rob Roy*. It was announced for repetition amidst vociferous applause.

The OLYMPIC THEATRE re-opened on Monday night, under a new management, with some new performers from the Haymarket and the Lyceum, and several old favourites. It has been very well attended, and new announcements proclaim that active exertions are making to merit increased patronage.

### Literature and Science.

Mr. James Bird, author of the *Vale of Slaughtdon*; *Machin*, or the *Discovery of Madeira*; &c., has in the press a tragedy, entitled *Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany*.

*Lithography*.—An experiment has lately been made to take off impressions from the leaves of plants by lithographic printing. It appears to have been attempted by merely pressing the leaves against the stone. This process does not, however, seem the most advisable, the better way being to cover the plant with the prepared ink, and after bringing a sheet of clean paper in contact with its entire surface, transfer the impression thus procured to the lithographic stone. We notice this from the great advantage which botanists are likely to derive from this simple mode of preserving and multiplying impressions from rare plants, which could otherwise only be seen in the cabinets of a few collectors.

*Russian Voyage of Discovery*.—Accounts from Capt. Billingshausen, Commander in the Russian voyage of discovery in the Antarctic Seas, dated May, 1820, report that he had discovered three islands covered with snow and ice, on one of which was a volcano, lat. 56° S. He announces that there is no southern continent, or, should there be one, it must be inaccessible, from being covered with perpetual snows, ice, &c.

*Cashmere Goat*.—It appears from a Memoir read before the French Royal Academy, that the Cashmere shawl, made from the down of the animal, is likely to become an article of European manufacture. Two foreigners, of the names of Jaubert and Terneaux, having introduced a number of these animals, they have much engaged the

attention of the French naturalists, and it appears that their mode of treatment has been so far successful, that, out of a flock of 1229 goats purchased in Astracan, there remains more than one third of the original number, which produce the finest down.

*Society for the Encouragement of Geography*.—A society has been formed at Paris for the encouragement of geography, by the printing of scientific memoirs, the publication of charts, the distribution of prizes, and defraying the expenses of travellers having useful and important objects in view.

*Racing Pedometer*.—An instrument has lately been invented in France, which precisely marks the time that not only the winning, but every other horse, takes in running the course, even if there should be thirty of them, and the interval between each only a quarter of a second. The 'Jury of the Races,' in the Arrondissements of Paris, have expressed their full approbation of the instrument.

The editor of the *Philosophical Magazine and Journal*, (Alexander Tilloch, L. L. D.) is preparing for publication a work, which is likely to engage the attention of biblical students, namely, *Dissertations introductory to the study and right understanding of the language, structure, and contents of the Apocalypse*. The dissertations are seven in number, viz. First and Second,—on the opinions delivered by ecclesiastical writers, respecting the date of the Apocalypse, presenting convincing evidence that this book was the first written of those which compose the New Testament. Third,—on the language and structure of the Apocalypse. Fourth,—on various names by which the Creator of the universe is designated in the Scriptures, and the proper mode of translating them. Fifth,—of the Hebrew name JEHOVAH, and the Greek expression *Kyrios the Theos*. Sixth,—On certain combinations of these terms, with other names of personal description, which are found in the New Testament. Seventh,—on certain combinations of names of personal description, which are found in the Apocalypse.

*Application of the Air Pump*.—Till within the last ten years, the use of the air pump had been exclusively confined to the service of the pneumatic chemist and philosophical experimentalist. Now, however, this valuable instrument is very generally employed in many of our manufactures. We believe that the sugar refiners working



under Messrs. Howard and Hodgson's patent were the first who employed it in a large way. It is a fact very generally known that fluids boil at a lower temperature beneath the exhausted receiver of an air-pump than when exposed to the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, and the sugar refiner, taking advantage of this principle, very readily prevents the charring incident to the old process. To accomplish this, it is merely necessary to enclose the pan containing the saccharine fluid in a close vessel, and by the continued action of an air pump, the air is so far rarified as to produce ebullition at a temperature seldom exceeding 100° of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

This simple instrument has also been employed in the sizing and wetting of paper. In the former case, the paper is piled up evenly in a vessel capable of being rendered air-tight, and a vacuum being first formed, the size is introduced, which is afterwards pressed in by the force of the atmosphere; passing through the pores of the paper without injury to its fabric. In the process of dyeing, also, the air pump has been found highly efficacious. In the ordinary way, the cloth is merely immersed in the dye, so that the internal part is of a lighter hue; but, in this case, the colouring matter passes through the entire fabric.

### The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

It is singular that England was regarded as so excellent a mart for books, that, as early as the year 705, books were brought hither for sale.

At Dijon, in France, they seem really to have at last hit upon a show, which may truly be said to be something new under the sun. This is a mechanical chef d'œuvre, representing the creation: 'This machine,' says the Dijon Journal, 'which has cost its inventor, M. Paradoux, of Vic-le-Comte, ten years' cogitation and toil, is composed of 15,000 moving pieces, and is more remarkable than any thing yet seen for precision and regularity in its motions.' Besides, it is announced, it costs only fifty centimes for admittance to the first boxes, to be present at the creation of the universe.

*Ipocras*.—Wine mixed with spices and other ingredients, so named because it is strained through a woollen cloth, called the *Sleeve of Hippocrates*.

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

IN order to make room for a review of Mr. Milman's new poem, we have been compelled to defer our notice of the collection of drawings in Soho Square, as well as to curtail the account of the British Institution; but they shall both have attention next week.

Wilford in our next.

The favours of J. R. P., Tim, E. B., W. T. B., and J. J. W., have been received.

The 'Invocation to Battle' will not do.

### Advertisements.

This day is published, price 3s. 6d. bds.

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Dame Brettell (born at Aberistwyth, South Wales), late of Twickenham, lived to the advanced Age of One Hundred and Three Years, Ten Months, and Twenty-four Days, enjoying her faculties to the last. Engraved (in the line manner) by J. G. WALKER. Proofs, 6s. each; Prints, 4s. each; to be had of Mr. Mortimer, Post Office, Twickenham; Mr. Ealing, Richmond; Miss Butler, Post Office, Hounslow; and Mr. Clay, Printseller, Ludgate Hill, London.

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